



PRISM

1/06.07

Peace College's Literary Magazine



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center

—
—

prism

//06-07

Prism Staff:

Editors:

Megan Davenport

Rebecca Mimmall

Staff:

Brandy Barnett Kristen Kirkland

Ruth Boyack Jensen Mabe

Aurora Carey Christy Shanks

Abby Hamilton Chrissy Spruill

Kristen Jarvis Melissa Sullivan

Designer:

Samantha Bens

Faculty Advisors:

Dr. Charles Duncan

Denielle Lincoln

//

—
—

//

100 Words

by Michelle Shoemaker

\\

1. Siobhan will say it's been four years since we've seen each other, and actually it's only been three. But I don't disagree with her. She could say it's been a decade, and I'd nod in agreement. Three years of not speaking to her or Sarah, these girls I was so close with in high school, and now an hour before Sarah's wedding we gather on a stretch of grass under a July sun while the bride is photographed. "This is weird," Siobhan mutters to her boyfriend. "Why, because it's so different?" he asks. "No, because it's not different at all."

2. My freshman English teacher would sit in a backwards chair and grin lazily; he twirled pens in his fingers and tested us on Bradbury books not required in the state's curriculum. It was for this teacher I wore my mother's old Rainbow Girls initiation dress and recited some Juliet soliloquy instead of making the popsicle stick Globe theatre model like most of the class opted. It's silly and probably somehow de-values literature, I fear. But still, I have to admit that the reason I spend more money on books than clothes is because of a young crush, smart but young.

5

3. I had a dream recently that my mother was marrying the hippie bassist of my favorite band in a gas station. I moved a rack of potato chips to stand in place as Maid of Honor and when I woke I thought about these road-side convenience stores, these places with their frozen burritos, pre-packaged sandwiches, with green teddy bear key chains and state shot glasses. These places set the stage for so many of my nomad childhood memories. We drove through deserts and drank razzmatazz blue slushies, saw the Redwoods and the Oregon coast, then refueled on gasoline and soda.

4. The drain in Breana's Los Angeles shower is a large, gaping, metal hole; it has no grating like every North Carolina shower I've ever scrubbed in. I think this has something to do with all the sand washing off my limbs and out of my hair. She lives six houses down from the beach. Early in the morning while I'm standing knee-deep in the Pacific, a homeless dog bounds toward me, clumsy and precious; he licks my fingers; I scratch behind his ears. And so when I walk back to her tiny bungalow, I think I am a different person now.

5. Once, I grabbed fistfuls of a boy's t-shirt like maybe I'd seen done in some movie, I guess, and pushed him against the closed door of a dilapidated shed, which shook just slightly with the impact, would shake at any impact or wind gust. The boy stared at me wide eyed and dumb; he sniffed and gawked, but I had made my point, had already begun to forget the incident, and smiled crookedly at the other kids in the yard, all barefoot and so duly impressed.

\\

// The Many Faces of the Sea

by Caroline Allman

I A vast and
motionless abyss that
keeps the eye still.
A picture of perfect
across a tainted canvas.
So mystical, only the moon
can control its
rhythm.

II So many contradictions
bring its definition.
Life and destruction.
High tide, low tide.
Warm and frigid.
Resource and weapon.

6

III Bobbing hilly humps softly
rolling high and
dipping low.

IV It reaches for the sands with
its salty grip only
to gently release.
A pattern that is never
the same.
Never seeing two days
the same, for a routine life
it will not have.

V Screeching winds call
upon the tossing tumbling
crashing cohorts to
carry out its dirty deeds.
They rise and collapse without
warning or
care.

VI Then follows
an eerie calm.

Winter's Fire

by Caroline Allman

\\

As winter's fire ignites the world
the branches, gnarled, reach for the sky
above the dead and frozen ground
awaiting the end of nigh
and restoration of its mirth
so those around will realize its worth
when life once again will return
Till then all will keep a closed eye
while winter continues to burn.
and the sleeping earth will dream
of all that used to live and be
while winter continues to burn.

// God Said

by Rebecca Mimmall

And God said (apparently),
"There shall be marriage,"
And God created Adam
And God created Eve.
Kinda makes me wonder
Who the hell created me.

And God said (apparently),
"These things shall be so,"
And God created rulebooks,
And God created family,
But God forgot to mention
How all this applies to me.

So God (apparently) created me,
And God gave me my name.
And God claims to love all,
But His followers don't claim the same.

To them it's the Devil's path,
That I'm following now,
And my one and only goal in life
Is to bring others down.

And God said to them (apparently),
"Go on and do my work."
And off they went to protest
And off they went to preach
And off they went to persecute
Me, and those like me.

And God said to them (apparently),
"Keep going! Spread my word."
And off they went crusading
On behalf of God above,
To rid the world of those like I,
Whose only crime was love.

If God created Adam,
Only to be with Eve,
Why did he even bother
With creating me?

Pixilated Wordscape

by Megan Davenport

\\

In this techno-psycho-logical age
We look to what is
Left of beauty.

No longer can we step
Out of our cyber-space
To look to the digital flowers.

Instead,
We look to letters
Pounding out against each
Interlaced screen.

We think of forgotten,
Remastered images
Of what each l e t t e r once represented.

We dress our letters up.
Take every inch of longing
From the curve of the S;
Catch a glimpse of desire
In the angles of the Z.

We have fallen victim to the megabyte.
Salve to the images of the screens.

The only thing left,
Is to discuss, the placement,
Of each comma;
The *emphas-is* of the
Italicized word.

Making art from every pixel.

Black Widow

by Megan Lamm

I'm picking away
at every piece of me.
'Til there is nothing left,
but tattered skin & bones.
There's poison in my veins, my veins
& monoxide on my breath
& at the end of the day
I do more harm than good.

Did you know you signed up
for a slow & painful death?
'Cause every word I say
is a stone upon your head.
I'm spinning at my web, my web
to eat you when I'm ready
& the rocks are piling higher,
adding up at your feet.

I'm a **black** widow.
I take because I can.
The crimson X a warning,
but you didn't see it coming.
My nature is to kill, to kill
& there's no use in fighting.
With your last bitter breath
you curse me 'til it's done.

I'm done.

// Letter to Walt Whitman

by Ann Wheliss

“Have you no thought, *O Dreamer*,
that it may be all maya, illusion ?”

- W.W.

Walt,

I think you knew
something sacred
and arcane.
You knew the
dark mystery
of love, its
gentle, murderous,
illusory truth.

10

I think
you understood the
tempestuous
temporal
nature of passion,
the value of
each
fleeting
act of tenderness.

And you,
reader,
not so far
from me,
lend me the
kindness of your eyes
so that I may
take a leap
without feet.

Sacred

by Kristin Kirkland

\\

We become one
Just as God intended
For without you
I am only a fragment
A piece of a whole
Broken and forlorn
Wanting desperately
To be fulfilled.

I'm Searching for a Poem

by Antonisa Baynes

11

I'm searching for a poem
and I expect my journey will be hard.
For, I seek a poem that expresses the good times
and all the times times that left me scarred.
I'm looking for a poem
that tells of all my pain.
A poem that speaks of all things lost
And all the things I've gained.
In my search for this poem,
I hope that I may find
That this poem gives me hope
And a little peace of mind.
The poem I seek explains everything
Whether it's wrong or right;
a poem that captures all my emotion
and brings my feeling to life.
I want an ultimate poem that will settle the final score.
I'm searching for a poem that says it all
So I don't have to write anymore.

\\

Pure

by Sophie Brauns

They came,
Out of the rain.
Removing her clothes, he kissed each part of her existence.
With each kiss flew a violet butterfly,
Once a guilt, scare, fear.
Now violently fluttering away,
Freeing her from it all.
Fluttering, muttering,
“Slow down, you have discovered the truth;
The love.”

The Heart

by Kristin Kirkland

The Heart:
A muscle
Pumping blood to other vital organs
Involuntary
Like my feelings for you
Swiftly
I dove into your waiting arms
A fall from grace
If anyone asks
My heart beats to love you.

As One

by Christy Shanks

\\

How lustrous you are
The art of my love
Your eyes are the heart of God
That is hidden
Deep within
Your soul
The waves of your cut multiply
Each day that we share this bond
As One

The brightness of your smile
Is the smile of our God
As he is pleased with our obedience
As I lay my head upon your chest
Our heart beat
As One

13

Your lips speak of His word
Each time we spiritually lift each other
You speak of His love story for mankind
As if He specifically wrote it for us
Your cheeks define you
As a submissive man of God
For things you have endured in life
Your neck reveals physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual strength
That is held deep within
Your chest bears the heart of God
That you encompass
As it expounds towards me
As your love me is showin'
As we
Take
This Walk
Through life
NOT as man and wife
But
As One

\\

Lowland Girl's Lament

by Ann Wheliss

I think I may have
loved you once.
Grey blue eyes that go on
until infinity and hold the
secrets of the universe
(eyes that are the same color
as mine.)

I think that I may have
seen you in a dream;
through thickest fog on
a mountaintop, in fields,
golden indian summer
lying in tall grass.

I think I may have
broken your heart;
kind, and giving, but
so afraid. Know that I
would have gladly
given you mine
if the mountains between us
were not made of
time, and reason, distance,
longing and sorrow.

The Sluggish Slug

by Melissa Sullivan

\\

The slug was thinking silently
About finding a suitable place to sleep.
After much searching,
He spotted a stump
That lies low, hunching over the ground.
Fearful that someone would notice him,
He steadily slimed to the stump.
Where he sacked out unsuspiciously,
Good night.

For the First Time

by Fanny Slater

15

She swiftly fumbled down the street
Face wet and red and streaked with black,
No place to hide none left to see
This girl, she never did turn back
She walked and walked and walked all night,
Enjoyed the silence, the absent light.

Relentless did she walk this road
The freezing air the quiet snow,
Each had an unthreatening load
Tonight she's got nowhere to go.

\\

The Tainted Fountain

by Hannah Bason

The tainted fountain
He can't resist
She hopes,
But inevitably his need persists.

Endure the pain it brings to you
No time,
And yet it's overdue.

Hush now, do not wake the beast,
For on your fears
He wants to feast

Dear God, please bring this night to day,
Sleep now,
Let these words waste away.

And yet they'll leave their fiery brand,
Stop!
Don't stop him with this hand!

Does he smile inside
To see her grief?
As she prays to God for sweet relief.

God, take him away,
But not his heart,
Please just remove his piercing dart.

The Wind that Beats Upon Him

by Desiree Gregory

\\

A strong tree lives and strives to give
upon the dawning of everyday-But when that
strong tree shakes, trembles, but does not break
he realizes his immunities are now weak.

The wind that beats down upon him bends his
trunk yet-does not break him, only casts him
among the weak- that shakes of broken dreams
that seem to break within every breath he
shudders to take and every wish left
unfulfilled-now at stake

That tree once strong now sheds leaves and
is naked to whence the eyes that see
his suffering is bare like a black tree
that shakes, trembles, but does not break
dreams of an unsaid
cure.

Ache

by Fanny Slater

Destroyed by nothing.
Once, She was.

extraordinarily shattered,
pieced back together,
Unbreakable.

Fragile She remains.
Eternally Untouched.

Lancaster, PA

by Rebecca Mimmall

Once I described my home
Using words that invoked
Stillness and simplicity.
The distinct way acres of corn
Will ripple in the wind,
An ocean of maize.
The precise rotation required
To churn the perfect
Batch of butter.
The language derived from a
Uniquely Dutch culture,
And the joy of utterly
Abandoning diets
On Fausnaught Day.

Once I described my home
As stillness and simplicity.
Now, it's defined by a
Single act of violence
That shattered the stillness
And left simplicity
And innocence
Abandoned,
Buried beneath the ashes of a once quaint schoolhouse.

This Morning

by Ann Wheliss

\\

this morning,

at dawn,

i opened my eyes
and walked into the sun

and screamed
i love you
to the ocean
at the top of my voice.

could you hear me?

you are starlight,
appearing so close to me
when you are so far that
i feel i could never reach
you.

you shine so brightly that

no star,

not even the sun,
could obscure your light

New York Street Dance

by Mary Kathryn Willis

Streetlights danc^ancⁱng through town,
Park benches waltzing,
Taxi Cabs moving to the salsa,
I stand still and watch the dance.

Vendors cha-cha late at night,
Sales girls mamba home from work,
Broadway starlets find their rhythm,
And I stand still and watch the dance

19

Breath

by Sophie Brauns

Ankles crossed around his body,
She pressed her forehead to his.
Releasing all that she knew to him silently,
He stood strong at his duty.
She breathed in deeply, and released.
Slowly, she felt his breath come out of his heart;
Flowing into hers infinitely

\\

// The Only Lines I Have Ever and Will Ever Write On You

by Megan Davenport

Your machismo is just a façade.
It is faded and transparent
Through your eyes.

Actually, I couldn't even tell you
The color of the two.
I've never looked into them.

That was me once,
With head bowed,
Kneeling,
Accepting criticism more often than praise.
Never looking up to you,
Though always looking up to you.

Perhaps they are ice blue.
A piercing coldness that one
Feels from the press of your hand in a crowd.

Perhaps they are a flaming red.
A fiery heat that one
Endures by the press of your thoughts from the driver's seat.

Perhaps they are glazed over, empty.
An endless abyss that one
Perceives from the press of your words in a vacant room.

Your machismo is just a façade,
Though it isn't apparent through your eyes.
It is apparent through every action taken
When another's eyes are averted.
Too afraid to look into yours —
Fearing the wrath of you, who has become her god.

The truth is. .
You're a fucked up little girl.

The proverbial umbilical cord
Still tightly wound around
Mother's hand.
Afraid to cut it loose,
Though always cutting loose.

You're afraid of the fire and brimstone
That will rain down on you
From the open skies of reality.

Too busy trying to emulate
Some adult power
By force-feeding another
Your ideas and desires.

And though achieving in altering
Someone else's world,
Never actually receiving what you want.

*No one can alter yours.
No one can solve your problems for you.
No one can kiss the scraped knees,
And wash all the filth away.*

Your machismo is just a façade.
Hidden beneath is that fucked up little girl
Searching for another
By the press of her hand in a darkened womb.

Your were the first to call me a writer
And the first (and only) to make me
Forget that words themselves ever existed.

Eclipsed by your own shadow of uncertainty,
Mine enveloped me,
So that I became a wanderer in darkness.

You wanted me baptized in your light.

You would have me wrapped in a shroud of blue,
You in your black.
To take all that you cared or dared,
But making sure you leave nothing behind.

Little did you realize, your light
Was nothing more than a candle
Burning at both ends
That would damn sure never last the night.

Well, the night is over –
The light of salvation
And the word of truth
Have washed over me.
I was victim to a false idol,
Who was victim to herself.

The truth is you're a fucked up little girl,
Lost in a masquerade.
Dressed in pig's clothing.
Hoping that a false machismo
Will be her own redemption.

Taken

by Drew Barnes

under electrical blankets
under electrical stars
we are who
our family forgot
below the rocks
lies our love
dead and gone
still in our eyes
cities take over
as darkness sets in
the night is young
but the sky is old
we follow it
but never catch up
It falls down as
rain sweeps the streets
and rainbows surround my feet
Turn to glitter in the gutter
which flows through our veins
As circles shuffle
to get back to their start
you creep into my body
and become my bones

Dear Idiot

by Megan Davenport

\\

Dear Idiot,

I feel dumber now that you have spoken.

I think that my brain is seeping out of my ear....

Oh.. oh yea... yep.. that's what it is!

It oozed right out.

You turned it to mush,

And my skull could not contain it.

Good job, Dipshit –

You have completely ruined my faith in the entire human race.

Distraughtfully,

Me.

The Lord's Advocate

by Christy Shanks

Lord, I have been keeping your commandments
Setting a standard
I am Yours,
Your committed evangelist
The Lord's Advocate

Though many time
I've fallen short
Yet, You were still there blessing me

Father, many times I stood prejudged
For things I haven't committed

Many nights
My pillow absorbs
The pains and sorrows
Of life's tribulations

Lord, I been keeping your commandment
Setting a standard
I am Yours,
Your committed evangelist
The Lord's Advocate

At the age of 14
I confessed You were God

And told the devil
He has no control over me
Now I see clearly,
When I pray, He hears me

Through my dreams
He speaks to me
As I wear His armor
Protected from the world's drama
I proclaim to do is His
And I will
Because through me
You will hear Him
For I am the Lord's Advocate

Monochrome

by Ann Wheliss

\\

monochrome.
usually.

today, i saw a spark of
color. it was brilliant.

maybe tomorrow, i'll take
that spark, and light a candle.

and the day after that, i will gather
together all my pain, and anger, and hurt.

and the next day i will set all of it on fire with
my little candle and go bathe in sunshine.

25

Fourteen Hour Drive

by Rebecca Mimmall

The mark of a mechanical era:
A blockade of metal and glass.
Hundreds of glaring red lights ahead,
Twin blinding beams from behind,
And a cloud of fumes rising from the stalled masses.

Three miles in three hours.
A covered wagon did better than this,
And managed, simultaneously, to
Not deplete the ozone.

\\

I Am

by Kristin Kirkland

I am...

The brush of a butterfly's wings

A solitary tear

Brutality and Tenderness

The lighthearted giggle of a girl

With the seductive smile of a woman

The black, the white, the gray

The sunshine and cold stars

Giddiness and Tranquility

Silence to think and feel

Fragrant lilies and yellow roses

Simple buttercups peeking out from the bushes

Queen Mab bringing dreams and destroying hope

Wailing guitar

Thumping bass

Strains of violin and erratic drumbeats

Soaring notes

Small sighs of sleep

Waking up slowly

Love of all kinds – real and imaginary

Deep and Unshakeable

Shallow and Superficial

Rolling oceans - always and never changing,
like the pulse of blood through the veins.

New and Old

Simple and Complex

Synonyms and Antonyms

All joining together in one complicated being

Pushing and pulling in all directions

Wanting nothing more than to be free.

East to West and East Again

by Fanny Slater

\\

Getting in at 1:20.
Don't worry.
She disconnected herself from all,
Celebrated the day.

Stumbled down the aisle,
took an open seat.
She refused reality,
Drifted to sleep.

Awoke sober:
started to panic.
She began to cry,
they didn't get it.

No one would grant her
a phone call or two.
She checked her watch,
"But we're arriving soon?"

"No telephone here,
not even for a fine.
And, by the way,
we're on California time."

About a thousand hours later (California time),
the plane finally landed and slowed.
Her dreams, for the first time, within reach:
She stepped off, looked around, then headed right back home

// Unearthed

by Drew Barnes

Following the power line with my eyes
Wondering why it goes faster than I
Does it know something I don't know?
Can it go somewhere I can't go?

28

Unmistakable

by Drew Barnes

See something once so lost
That even God himself couldn't find
Codes don't know-they're keeping secrets
Veins don't know-they escort blood
Give back to this life
So it will give back to you
But you don't understand why you
Relinquish your heart to religion and
Pray that you never die.

Game Faces

by Aleyia Dixon

the silent nights
the racing minds
dark curtained eyes-
heart races

the daylight finds
eyes open blind
must make no mind
-the paces

can't figure out
reality now
so we just-
imitate it

what's right is foul-
feels different now
so we just smile-
and take

//

Untitled Poem \ \

by Amy Yeager

I breathe deeply and close my eyes.
Thoughts of him seep into my pores
and spread throughout my body.
He makes the corners of my mouth
lift toward the brightness in my eyes.

I get a bounce in my leg
as his energy flows through my blood.
It flows upward and circles my heart-
around, around, and around my heart.

What would flow through my body
without the thought of him?

) Lost it Again

by Fanny Slater

This empty high:
It's keeping me
from sleeping I
Lost myself in someone else again

Stuck somewhere between
what's real and what's beautiful
Amusingly pathetic,
If I may.

Another wasted night: efficient and forgotten.
Another wasted day.

Paralyzed by the beauty
Of what I still don't know
I close my eyes; make believe.
I hold my breath, put my head in my hands,

And tell myself to breathe.

// Life Source

by Melissa Sullivan

I went to the forest,
Away
From the houses and towns that were built from trees.
Houses that hold nothing more than commodities that people can not resist.
Their pleasures,
And possessions.

Paper and trees are precious for some,
But for others these are thrown away,
Forgotten forever
Goodbye.

The trees that give us life
Do not wish for us to forget them in this way.
We should respect them.

30

I've been in houses and noticed within them,
The graveyards
That now hold what was once a vital source of life.
Firewood, packages and paper
These items can be useful, but we don't appreciate them.
Paper was once a tree.
Trees give us breath.

They are cut down, forgotten.
Lying in waste.
In the fireplaces that are built within the vessels that were once trees.

They are stripped from our landscape.
To make room for malls and shops.

I saw it all and bled for the life,
That is my life's source.



